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NO 228

The Daily News.

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MISCELLANY.

THE FIRST WRONG.

My story opens in a New England sitting-room.

There were three persons present. Allow me to introduce them to you in order. First, there was Deacon Holbrook, an old man, not very far from seventy years, now, with white hair, a tall spare form, and decided features. Next, his wife, a motherly old lady, with an expression of such calm benevolence on her face as to charm all that knew her. Yet, at this moment, anxiety, grief and entreaty struggled for the mastery. The third figure in the tableau was a young man with a frank, handsome face, years not exceeding twenty, who stood in the middle of the floor with downcast look, shrinking from the angry words which his father uttered.

"Henry," said the deacon, sternly, "you have disgraced yourself and me, a deacon of the church. You have embittered the declining years of your parents."

"Don't be too hard with him, Deacon Holbrook," interposed his wife. "Remember it is his first fault."

"If it were anything else," said his father, still unrepentant; "but to think that my son should become a gambler! My son, who has been so carefully trained in the way that he should go!"

"It is only once," urged the wife, with all a mother's instincts.

"There are some crimes which cannot be committed once without sinking the soul deep in sin," returned the father, with undebated sternness.

All this while, the young man had remained silent, though his varying color showed that he felt deeply the harshness of his father's words. At length he spoke:

"Father," said he, firmly, "you will one day repent your severity. No sooner had I signed than I repeated, and made confession to you and my mother. Instead of encouraging me in my repentance, you laid me with reproaches which my own conscience had anticipated, and which, heaven knows, I did not need."

Deacon Holbrook was about to speak, but Henry rapidly continued:

"You tell me I have disgraced you. I will remove myself and my disgrace from your presence."

As he was about to leave the room, his mother asked, anxiously:

"Where would you go to, Henry?"

"Stay him not, Hannah," said the deacon, sternly. "It is well that he should leave a place where he can no longer find an honest man in the face."

"Deacon Holbrook, he is my son," said the wife, reproachfully.

"I would that I could forget it," was the unrepentant reply.

These last words reached the ears of the young man as he stood upon the threshold, and an expression, half of indignation, swept over his face. He knew that he had done wrong, but he felt that he had not forfeited forgiveness. With one farewell glance at his mother, full of unspoken gratitude and love, he left the house which had been so long to him a home.

This was the fault of which Henry Holbrook had been guilty. Having been sent to New York by his father to collect a sum of money due him, he had been allowed to a gaming-house by a companion, and there induced to play, though not until after much persuasion. Having lost a part of the money in his charge, he kept on playing in the hope of recovering his losses. But as night had been expected, instead of this, he lost all that remained. Then, thoroughly ashamed, and bitterly upbraiding himself for his breach of trust, he went home and confessed all. This confession was received, as we have seen, in such a way as to chill his confidence and excite his indignation. And now he had gone forth from home a wanderer, he knew not whither, with not one effort on his father's part to stay him.

Let me do Deacon Holbrook the justice to say that it was not his own personal loss that excited his rigor. Still, he could overlook that, but not his son's weakness and crime as he termed it, by which it was lost.

After Henry's departure, the old house became quieter than before. All the life had gone out of it. Deacon Holbrook himself was a man of few words, and his taciturnity had added his wife's sad tendencies. Very long, very quiet, and very tedious were the evenings which they spent together. On one side of the fireplace sat the deacon, gravely reading through his spectacles the agricultural paper which came weekly. Opposite him sat his wife, her fingers actively engaged in knitting, her mind intent upon her absent boy. All was staid, quiet, subdued. There was not even a kitten to enliven the scene. Mrs. Holbrook had once ventured to introduce one into the house, but the deacon speedily intimated his dislike of cats, and puss had been banished.

One night Deacon Holbrook brought a letter for his wife. It was such an unusual circumstance for the good woman to receive a letter, that she took it eagerly, and tore it open with untroubled haste.

What was it that made her eyes sparkle with joy? The familiar handwriting had not deceived her. She knew at once, by the peculiar flourish on the top of the M, that it was from Henry.

appears that Henry had worked his passage, independent of his father. It was this—"I am having no money; and leaving the vessel at San Francisco, had proceeded at once to the mine. If this is the case, do not trouble him in vain, where he was now working. He had with him any message; but if otherwise, you may not have time long enough to form an idea of what were his chances of success. He wished his mother to write, and promised to keep her advised of his movements. There was only one thing mentioned, Christian, name of her husband, which letter is from Henry."

"So I suppose," said he, robbily.

As he spoke he took from his pocket the Weekly Farmer, and adjusting his spectacles, began to read.

"This was a hint, and so Mrs. Holbrook understood it, that he did care to pursue the subject rather, but she could not help asking, 'Wouldn't you like to read Henry's letter, Joshua?'"

"You will oblige me by not mentioning his name again," said the deacon. "He has forfeited all claims to be considered a son."

So days, months, and even years passed. He looked but a month or five years since Henry Holbrook left his home. There was little change in the air of the grave sober-looking man of deacon Holbrook. The deacon himself had failed more in those five years than in any five preceding. His form had lost its ancient evenness, and was bowed. His face had grown more wrinkled, and he spent more time in the house. Mrs. Holbrook received tidings of Henry at short intervals. He was well, and doing well, he wrote, but did not enter on particulars. Sometimes he should return to see his mother. Of his father he did not speak. These letters were all brought home from the village post-office by Deacon Holbrook, but he never signified any curiosity or interest to learn the contents. Henry's name had not been mentioned between the two for years yet, and he had to tell which thought of him most constantly. Behind the deacon's taciturnity there beat a heart, and that heart was more tender to his lost son than he would have been willing to confess.

All at once his quiet life was broken in upon, and in a most cruel manner.

One day he entered the house, his face as pale as a sheet, his limbs tottering beneath him, his whole expression that of great and indelible anguish.

"What's the matter, Deacon Holbrook?" "What the matter, Joshua?" inquired his mother.

"Hannah, we are paupers—in our old age!" said her husband, bitterly.

"Good gracious! what has happened, Joshua?" asked the wife, turning pale from sympathy.

Little by little, it came out that Deacon Holbrook had become bankrupt for a bank officer with whom he was well acquainted, and whose integrity he had the utmost confidence. But to-day the astonishing intelligence had arrived that the officer, after a series of deliberations, had fled the country, and left the deacon to suffer. The amount for which the deacon had become bound was sufficient to swallow up the house and farm—all, in fact, that he possessed.

The farm was not a valuable one. It comprised 60 acres of rough soil, which, by hard labor, had been made to suffice for the moderate wants of a small and economical family. In the market it would not bring over three thousand dollars, and for that amount the deacon was bound. Yesterday he had reckoned himself rich. Now he regarded himself as pauper.

"This is, indeed, worse than death," thought the deacon, with stern sorrow. "The Lord, has, indeed, smitten me in my old age."

Little time was given for anticipation before the blow fell. The Holbrook farm was advertised for sale at auction, to take place in three weeks. Bills were printed on fences and stores. Meanwhile Deacon Holbrook sank into a state of listless apathy. All day long he would sit in the rocking-chair with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, saying nothing, and apparently paying little attention to what was going on about him. His wife, severely less sorrowful than himself, feared that his reason was undermined.

Three weeks passed by, and brought the sale. Mrs. Holbrook would have absented herself; but her husband, exhibiting more life than of late, insisted on her being present. So, with many misgivings, she became an unwilling witness of the trying scene.

The bidding commenced at two thousand dollars. Gradually it went up to twenty-five hundred, and was about to be knocked off at that price to Square Clayton, when the trumping of horns was heard: a young man with a handsome face, browned by exposure, leaped from his horse, and inquired eagerly the amount last bid.

On being told, he at once exclaimed: "I bid three thousand dollars."

At that price it was knocked down to him. "What name, sir?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Deacon Joshua Holbrook," was the reply, in a loud clear voice.

There was a buzz of surprise, and the question, "who is he?" passed from one to another. Among the next, Deacon Holbrook looked up eagerly, and a question was on his lips.

"Father, mother, don't you know your boy?" asked the young man, with emotion.

Deacon Holbrook's eyes lighted up with joy. Silently he opened his arms. The recognition was complete.

Henry subsequently explained that having been successful in the mines, he had wished to return unexpectedly, when upon his arrival in New York he had learned his father's misfortune. He had instantly made what haste he could to his native village, and fortunately arrived in time to prevent the sacrifice of the farm.

"The Lord hath rebuked my vain pride, and the hardness of my heart that led me to turn away from my son," said the deacon solemnly. "Henceforth may our hearts be filled with the love that bindeth not."

And his wife and son reverently bowed.

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DRAPERS AND TAILORS,
No. 101 Thames Street, Newport.

Constantly on hand, a complete assortment of Cloth and Furnishing Goods.

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Jan 3 ly
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MATTRESSES MADE OVER AND THE HAIR WELL PICKED.

All orders left at my shop will be attended to with promptness.

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BELLEVEUE HOTEL.

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Gentlemen can be accommodated with large, airy, sleeping apartments, and meals served upon the European Plan.

May 24 ly

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Jan 16 ly

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Will practice before the Court of Justice.

Office of the Daily News,

421-42

No. 124 Thames Street.

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Jan 1 ly

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Jan 1 ly

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Jan 11 ly

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Jan 1 ly

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Dec 3 ly

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Nov 8-1882,

Travelers' Directory.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY Nov. 17th, 1882 the

STEAMER PERRY, Capt. N. B. ALLEN, will

MADE BUT ONE TRIP A DAY,

leaving Newport for Providence at 8 A. M. Returning will leave Providence for Newport at 2 P. M., touching at Portsmouth twice each way.

Fare from Newport to Portsmouth 25 cents.

Portsmouth to Providence, 50 cents.

Newport to Providence, 75 cents.

Newport to Boston, \$2.00.

Newport to Worcester, \$2.00.

Newport, Nov. 17, 1882.

N O T I C E

The steamer on travel having been removed by order of the War Department, passengers about to visit Europe will no longer be required to provide themselves with passports.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

STEAM WEEKLY BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, London, and embracing passengers at QUEENSTOWN, (Irish), The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company intend to dispatch their full powered Clyde-built iron steamships, as follows:

Kingsboro, Saturday, Jan. 31

Bilbao, Feb. 7

City of Manchester, Feb. 14

and every Saturday, at noon, from Pier 41, North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE,

FIRST CABIN, \$10.00; STEERAGE, \$3.00

do to London, \$10.00; do to London, \$3.00

do to Liverpool, \$10.00; do to Liverpool, \$3.00

do to Hamburg, \$10.00; do to Hamburg, \$3.00

Passengers forwarded to Havre, Bremen, Rotterdam, Antwerp, &c., at equally low rates.

Fare from Liverpool or Queenstown to New York, \$10.00; \$12.50, Steamer from Liverpool, \$5.00. From Queenstown, \$10.00. Those who wish to send for their friends can buy tickets here at these rates.

These Steamers have superior accommodations for passengers; are strongly built in water-tight iron sections, and carry Patent Fire Engines. Experienced Surgeons are attached to each Steamer.

For further information apply at the Company's Office.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 15 Broadway, N. Y.

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TO NEW YORK DIRECT.

THE STEAMER METROPOLIS,

CAPT. BROWN, will leave Fall River every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, on the arrival of steamer from Boston for New York, via Newport, leaving Newport at 8 1/2 o'clock, and arriving in New York at 10 o'clock, a. m. Returning will leave New York at 3 o'clock, p. m.

CAPT. JEWETT, will leave Fall River every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 o'clock for New York via Newport, leaving New York at 6 o'clock, p. m.

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This line of boats will in future carry freight at as low a rate as any other line of boats.

FARE.

Cabin fare from Newport to New York, \$5.00

Steerage \$1 extra, to be obtained of the Agent.

For further particulars apply to

ANTHONY STEWART, Agent, At Kinsley's Express Office.

Jan 1 ly

FORT ADAMS,

U. S. SHIP CONSTITUTION.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 10, until further notice.

STEAMER FANNY,

Capt. CHARLES RUSSELL, will make between Newport and U. S. Ship Constitution, as follows:

Leave Newport for Fort Adams, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Newport at 10 A. M. and 6 P. M.

P. S.—The boat will be let on reasonable terms for evening parties.

Jan 1 ly

CHARLES RUSSELL,

KID GLOVES.—Another lot of Kid Gloves, this day received by

LANGLEY & NORMAN, 101 & 103 Thames Street.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, on the line of GROCERIES AND FRUITS, and don't know just where to find it, go to the store on the north corner of the Arcade, and you will be sure to see it there.

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WOODEN WARE at

CLARK'S, 231 Thames St.

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